

THE

# New-Market SONG.

To the Tune of, *Old Symon the King.*

I.

**T**He Golden Age is come,  
The Winter storms are gone,  
The Flowers do spread, and Bloom,  
And smile to see the Sun;  
Who daily gilds each Grove,  
And calms the angry Seas,  
Dame *Nature* seems in Love,  
And all the World's at ease:

You Rogue go saddle *Ball*,  
I'll to *New-market* scour,  
You never mind when I call,  
I shou'd have been there this hour;

For there is all Sporting and Game,  
Without any Plotting of State;  
From *Whigs*, and another such *Sham*,  
Deliver us, deliver us, O Fate!

Let's be to each other a Prey,  
To be cheated be ev'ry one's Lot;  
Or chous'd any sort of a way,  
But by another Damn'd Plot.

Let Cullies that lose at the *Rice*  
Go venture at *Hazard*, and win;  
And he that is bubbl'd at *Dice*,  
Recover't at *Cocking* again:

Let Jades that are founde'r'd be bought,  
Let Jockeys play *Crimp* to make sport;  
For 'faith it was strange, methought,  
To see *Vintner* beat the *Court*.

II.

Each corner of the Town  
Rings with perpetual noise,  
The *Oyster* bawling Clown  
Joyns with hot *Pudding-pies*;  
And both in Confort keep,  
To vend their stinking Ware,  
The drowzy God of Sleep  
Hath no Dominion there.

Hey boys! the Jockeys roar,  
If the Mare and the Gelding run,  
I'll hold you Five Guineys to Four  
He beats her, and gives half a stone.  
*God d---me*, quoth Bully, 'tis done,  
Or else I'm a Son of a Whore;

*And fain wou'd I meet with the man  
I could offer it, would offer it once more.*

See, see the damn'd Fate of the Town!  
A *Fop* that was starving of late,  
And scarcely cou'd borrow a Crown,  
Puts in to run for the Plate.

Another makes chousing a Trade,  
And dreams of his Projects to come,  
And many a Crimp-match has made,  
By bribing another man's Groom.

The Towns-men are *Whigs*, G. rot 'em,  
Their hearts are but Loyal by fits;  
For, shou'd you search to the bottom,  
They're as nasty as their Streets.

III.

But now all hearts beware;  
See, see on yonder *Downs*!  
*Equality* now triumphs there,  
And at this distance wounds:

In the *Amazonian Wars*  
Thus all the *Virgins* shone,  
And, like the glittering Stars,  
Paid homage to the Moon.

*Love* proves a Tyrant now,  
And there doth proudly dwell;  
For each stubborn heart must bow,  
He has found a new way to kill:

For ne'r was invented before  
Such Charms of additional Grace,  
Nor has *Divine Beauty* such Pow'r  
In ev'ry, in ev'ry fair Face.

*Ods bud*, cries my Countrey-man *John*,  
*Was ever the like before seen?*  
*By Hats and by Feathers they've on,*  
*Ife took 'em e'n all for men:*  
*Embroider'd and fine as the Sun,*  
*Their Horses and Trappings of Gold;*  
*Such a sight I shall ne'r see again,*  
*If I live to a hundred years old.*

This, this is the Countreys discourse,  
All wondring at this rare sight:  
Then *Roger* go saddle my Horse,  
For I will be there to night.